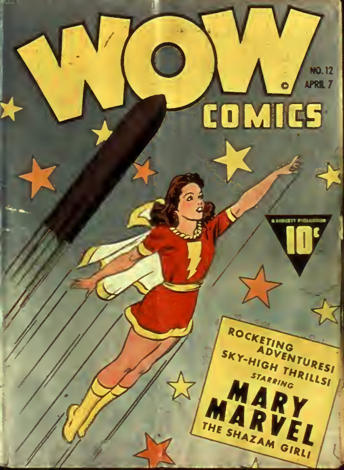
WOW COMICS
NO. 12
APRIL 7
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
10¢
ROCKETING ADVENTURES!
SKY-HIGH THRILLS!
STARRING
MARY MARVEL
THE SHAZAM GIRL!

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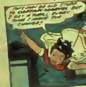
WOW!

... WILL YOU THRILL TO THIS ISSUE!


THAT'S KIND OF OLD STUFF TO CAPTAIN MARVEL, BUT I GET A THRILL EVERY TIME I MAKE THE CHANGE!

MARY MARVEL AND THE ANXIOUS AUCTIONEER! PAGE 4

PLUS — THESE POWER-PLUS FEATURES

- **THE PHANTOM EAGLE**... IN THE SUN HAS WINGS! PAGE 18
- **COMMANDO YANK**... OPENS THE AFRICAN FRONT! PAGE 34
- **MR. SCARLET AND PINKY**... FIGHT "NOBODY"! PAGE 53

ALSO

- A GET TOUGH, GET-HEALTHY COURSE FOR YOUNG COMMANDOS! .... PAGE 32
- SUSPENSEFUL SHORT STORY..... "MONKEY LUCK!" PAGE 51

PUT "MUSCLES" ON YOUR MONEY
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FOR VICTORY
BUY
BONDS AND STAMPS

APRIL 7, 1943. Vol. 2, No. 12

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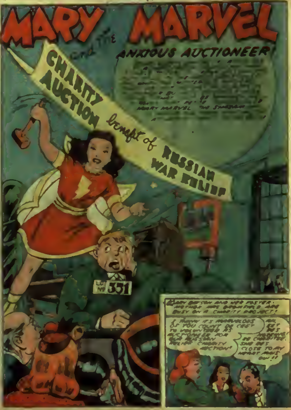
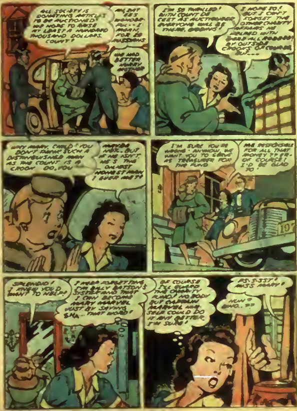
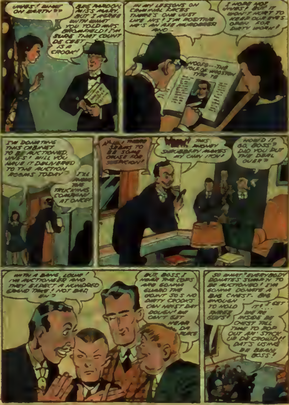
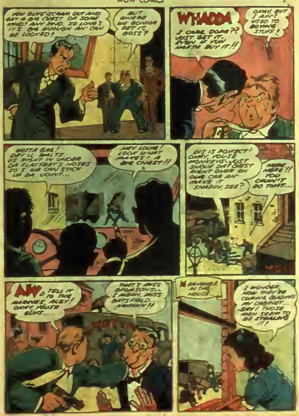
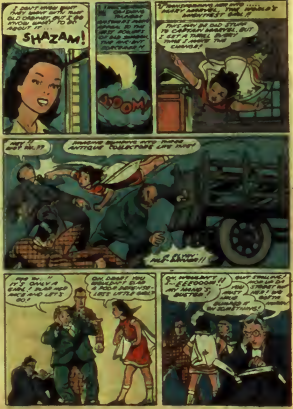
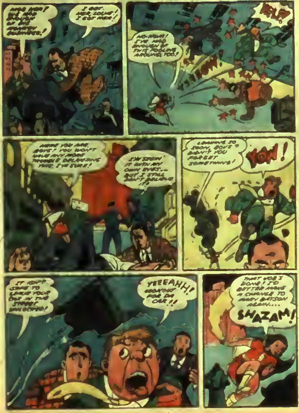

MARY MARVEL and the ANXIOUS AUCTIONEER!
[illegible] MARY MARVEL [illegible]
CHARITY AUCTION benefit of RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF
LOT No 351
MARY BATSON AND HER FOSTER- [illegible] ARE BUSY ON A CHARITY PROJECT!
I THINK IT'S MARVELOUS OF YOU, COUNT [illegible], TO VOLUNTEER AS AUCTIONEER FOR THE RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF CHARITY AUCTION!
AH, YES! HE'S [illegible] ... SO CHARMING. SHE GETS CLOSE TO MY HEART [illegible] !!

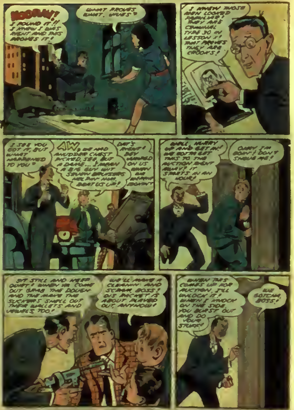

ALL SOCIETY IS DONATING ARTICLES TO BE AUCTIONED! WE HOPE TO RAISE AT LEAST A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, COUNT!
AH, DAT EES WONDERFUL--I MEAN, FOR SO GRACIOUS
WE HAD BETTER HURRY, MOTHER!
I'M SO THRILLED! WITH COUNT DE CEET AS AUCTIONEER EVERYONE WILL BE THERE, DARLING!
I HOPE SO! BUT I CAN'T FORGET THE OTHER CHARITY AFFAIRS WE HELPED WITH WERE ALL ROBBED, BY OUTSIDE CROOKS OF COURSE, BUT---
WHY MARY, CHILD! YOU DON'T THINK SUCH A DISTINGUISHED MAN AS THE COUNT IS A CROOK, DO YOU?
MAYBE NOT-- BUT IF HE ISN'T, HE'S THE OILIEST HONEST MAN I EVER MET!
I'M SURE YOU'RE WRONG! ANYHOW, WE WANT YOU TO SERVE AS TREASURER FOR THE FUND
ME RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT MONEY?? ER-- OF COURSE! I'D BE GLAD TO!
107
SPLENDID! I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO HELP!
I KEEP FORGETTING I'M BILLY BATSON'S SISTER AND THAT I CAN BECOME MARY MARVEL JUST BY SAYING SHA-- THAT WORD!
OF COURSE I'LL GUARD THE CHARITY FUND! NOBODY BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL HIMSELF COULD DO IT ANY BETTER, I'M SURE!
PS-S-SST! MISS MARY!
HUH? WHO..??

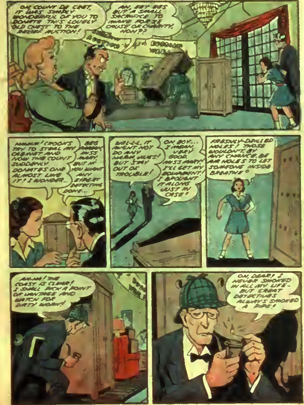

JIVES! WHAT ON EARTH ??
BEG PARDON, MISS MARY, BUT I AGREE WITH WHAT YOU TOLD MRS. BROADFIELD! I'M SURE THAT COUNT DE CEET IS A CROOK!
IN MY LESSONS ON CRIMINAL FACES THERE'S ONE JUST LIKE HIS! I'M POSITIVE HE'S AN AXE MURDERER AND
WOOFO---THE WOLF OF WOOSTER TYPE 10
I HOPE NOT, JIVES! BUT IT WON'T HURT TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR DIRTY WORK!
I'M DONATING THIS CABINET TO BE AUCTIONED, JIVES! WILL YOU HAVE IT DELIVERED TO THE AUCTION ROOMS TODAY?
I'LL PHONE THE TRUCKING COMPANY AT ONCE!
AH-HA! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME CAUSE FOR SUSPICION!
WHEW! THIS PHONEY SHRUBBERY MAKES MY CHIN ITCH!
HOW'D IT GO, BOSS? DID YOU PUT THE DEAL OVER?
WITH A BANG, LOUIE! I'M AUCTIONEER AND THEY EXPECT A HUNDRED GRAND TAKE! NOT BAD, EH?
BUT, BOSS, I HEAR THE COPS ARE GONNA GUARD THE JOINT SO'S NO DIRTY CROOKS CAN HEIST DAT DOUGH! WE CAN'T GET NEAR DA PLACE
SO WHAT? EVERYBODY DONATES SUMP'N TO BE AUCTIONED! I'M GONNA DONATE A BIG CHEST- BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THREE GUYS!
I GET IT!... WE BE INSIDE DE CHEST TILL TIME TO POP OUT AN' STICK UP DE CROWD! DAT'S USING DE BEAN, BOSS!

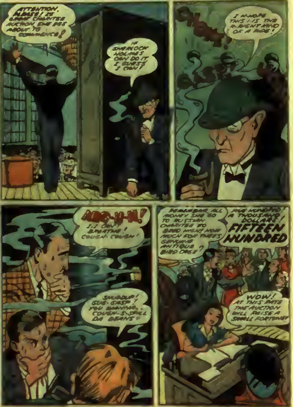

YOU GUYS SCRAM OUT AND GET A BIG CHEST OF SOME KIND! ANY KIND, SO LONG'S IT'S BIG ENOUGH AN' CAN BE LOCKED!
BUT WHERE WE GONNA GET IT, BOSS?
WHADDA I CARE, DOPE?? JUST GET IT-- EVEN IF YUH HAFTA BUY IT!!
OKAY, BUT I AIN'T USED TO BUYING STUFF!
GOTTA GAG! DEY'LL WALTZ US RIGHT IN UNDER DA FLATFEET'S NOSES SO'S WE CAN STICK UP DA JOINT...
HEY LOUIE! LOOK WHAT MAKES A BIG CHEST!!
DIS IS POIFECT! OKAY, YOUSE MONKEYS-- JUST SHOVE DAT CHEST RIGHT OVER ON OUR CAR AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY, SEE?
HERE, HERE!! YOU CAN'T DO THAT....
AW, GO TELL IT TO THE MARINES, ALGY! OKAY, YOUSE GUYS.....
THAT'S MISS BRONSON'S-- I MEAN, MISS BATSFIELD.... AWWWK!!
MOVING
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE...
I WONDER HOW THEY'RE COMING LOADING MY CABINET... SAY! THOSE MEN SEEM TO BE STEALING IT!

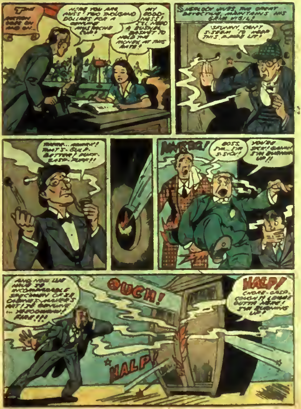

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT WITH THAT OLD CABINET, BUT I DO KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT ...
SHAZAM!
[illegible] CALLING MAGIC ANSWERS MARY'S APPEAL TO THE FIRST POWERS OF OLD SHAZAM, THE ANCIENT SORCERER !!
BOOM!
TRANSFORMING HER INTO ..... MARY MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL !!
THIS MAY BE OLD STUFF TO CAPTAIN MARVEL, BUT I GET A THRILL EVERY TIME I MAKE THE CHANGE!
HEY !! WOT TH' ?!
IMAGINE BUMPING INTO THREE ANTIQUE COLLECTORS LIKE THIS!
[illegible]!!
AW TH.. IT'S ONLY A GIRL! SLAP HER [illegible] AND LET'S GO!
OH, DEAR! YOU WOULDN'T SLAP A POOR DEFENSELESS LITTLE GIRL?
OH, WOULDN'T I-- EEEOOOW!! MY HAND'S BUSTED!
YOU MUST HAVE BUMPED IT ON SOMETHING!
QUIT STALLING! HOP UP DA STREET WIT HER! WE GOTTA HURRY!

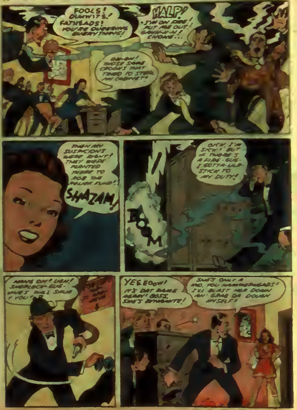

I GOT HER, LOUIE! I GOT HER!
NO-YOU! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLING AROUND, TOO!
HERE YOU ARE, BOYS! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE DELIVERING THIS, I'M SURE!
I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES -- BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!
LEAVING SO SOON, BOYS? DIDN'T YOU FORGET SOMETHING!
YOW!
IT ISN'T SAFE TO LEAVE YOUR CAR IN THE STREET UNLOCKED!
YEEEAHH! LOOKOUT FOR DA CAR!!
THAT JOB'S DONE! I'D BETTER MAKE A CHANGE TO MARY BATSON AGAIN....
SHAZAM!

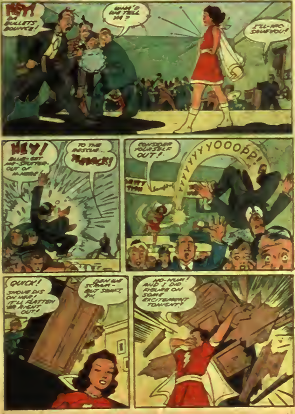

HOORAY! I FOUND IT!! I KNEW I WAS RIGHT AND THIS PROVES IT!
WHAT PROVES WHAT, WILLIE?
I KNEW THOSE MEN LOOKED FAMILIAR! THEY ARE CRIMINAL TYPE 30 IN LESSON 5! THAT PROVES THEY ARE CROOKS!
I SEE YOU GOT IT, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
AW, WE HAD ANUDDER CHEST PICKED, SEE, BUT A DAME... I MEAN A BIG GUY WIT SEVEN BRUISERS HELPIN' HIM, BEAT US UP!
DAT'S RIGHT! DEY JUMPED ON US WHEN WE WASN'T LOOKIN'!
WELL, HURRY UP AND GET IN! WE GOTTA GET THIS TO THE AUCTION RIGHT AWAY! IT STARTS IN AN HOUR!
OKAY, I'M GOIN'! DON'T SHOVE ME!
SIT STILL AND KEEP QUIET! WHEN YA COME OUT GRAB THE DOUGH AND MAKE THE SUCKERS SHELL OUT THEIR WALLETS AND JEWELS TOO!
WE'LL MAKE A CLEANUP AND SCRAM, BOSS! DIS RACKET IS ABOUT PLAYED OUT, ANYHOW!
WHEN THIS COMES UP FOR AUCTION, I'LL UNLOCK IT! WHEN I KNOCK ON THE SIDE, YOU BURST OUT AND DO YOUR STUFF!
WE GOTCHA, BOSS!

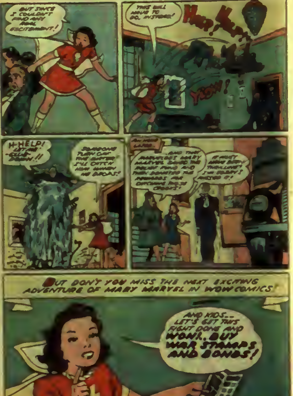

OH COUNT DE CENT, IT WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL OF YOU TO DONATE THIS LOVELY OLD CHEST TO THE RELIEF AUCTION!
AH, BUT EET ES BUT A SMALL SACRIFICE TO MAKE FOR ZE CAUSE OF CHARITY, NON??
HMMM! CROOKS TRY TO STEAL AN CABINET AND NOW THE COUNT SUDDENLY DONATES ONE ALMOST LIKE IT! I WONDER...
BEG PARDON, MISS MARY, BUT IF YOU WANT ANY EXPERT DETECTING DONE...
WELL-LL, IT MIGHT NOT DO ANY HARM, WEARS! BUT STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!
OH, BOY... I MEAN, VERY GOOD, MISS MARY! I'LL GET MY EQUIPMENT! I BROUGHT IT ALONG JUST IN CASE!
FRESHLY-DRILLED HOLES! THOSE WOULDN'T, BY ANY CHANCE, BE AIR HOLES TO LET SOMEONE INSIDE BREATHE?
AH-HA! THE COAST IS CLEAR! I SHALL PICK A POINT OF VANTAGE AND WATCH FOR DIRTY WORK!
OH, DEAR! I NEVER SMOKED IN ALL MY LIFE - BUT GREAT DETECTIVES ALWAYS SMOKED A PIPE!

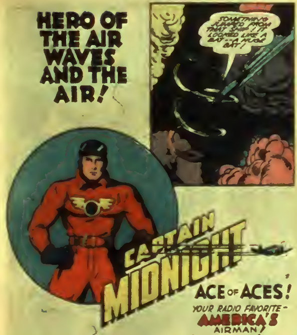

ATTENTION, PLEASE! DE GREAT CHARITEE AUCTION, SHE EES ABOUT TO COMMENCE!
IF SHERLOCK HOLMES CAN DO IT, I GUESS I CAN!
CHOKE!
GASP!
I HHOPE THIS I-IS THE R-RIGHT KIND OF A PIPE!
AGG-H-H! I-I CAN'T BREATHE! COUGH-COUGH!
SHUDDUP! GUG-GASP! YOU WANNA-- COUGH--S-SPILL DA BEANS?
REMEMBER, ALL MONEY SHE GO TO RUSSIAN CHARITEE SO BID HIGH! HOW MUCH FOR THEES GENUINE ANTIQUE BIRD CAGE?
FIVE HUNDRED! A THOUSAND DOLLARS! FIFTEEN HUNDRED
WOW! AT THIS RATE THE AUCTION WILL RAISE A SMALL FORTUNE!


THE AUCTION GOES ON AND ON...
HERE YOU ARE, MISS! TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A GENUINE MUSTACHE CUP!
MY GOODNESS! I'LL NEED A BUSHEL BASKET TO HOLD THE MONEY AT THIS RATE!
SHERLOCK WITS, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, MAINTAINS HIS GRIM VIGIL!
'S FUNNY, CAN'T S-SEEM TO HEAT THIS PLACE UP!
THERE... AHHH! THAT'S- GULP- BETTER! MUCH EASI- PUFF!!
BOSS, I'M... I'M S-SICK!
YOU'RE SICK! GAWK! I'M BURNING UP!!
AND NOW WE HAVE AN INCOMPARABLE SPECIMEN OF A CABINET-MAKER'S ART! A GENUINE ... RARE!!!
OUCH!
HALP!
HALP! CHOKE-GASP-COUGH! LEMME OUTTA HERE! I'M BURNING UP!


FOOLS! DIMWITS! FATHEADS! YOU'RE QUEERING EVERYTHING!
HALP! I'M ON FIRE! PUT ME OUT! GAWWW-W! CHOKE...
OH-OH! THOSE SAME CROOKS THAT TRIED TO STEAL MY CABINET!
THEN MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT! THEY WERE PLANTED THERE TO ROB THE RELIEF FUND!
SHAZAM!
BOOM
OUCH, I'M SICK! BUT IF THERE'S A RIDE-GUG-I GOTTA-ULP-STICK TO MY DUTY!
HANG ON! UGH! SHERLOCK GUG-GINS WILL SAVE YOU!
YEEEOOW! IT'S DAT DAME AGAIN! BOSS, SHE'S DYNAMITE!
SHE'S ONLY A KID, YOU NAMBYPAMBIES! I'LL BLAST HER DOWN AN' GRAB DA DOUGH MYSELF!


HEY! DA BULLETS BOUNCE!
WHAT'D WE TELL YA?
I'LL-HIC-SAVE YOU!
HEY! BLUE-GET MR. SPUTTER-OUT OF HERE!
TO THE RESCUE.. THWACK!
CONSIDER YOURSELF OUT!
YYYYYYYOOOPP!
QUICK! SHOVE DIS ON HER! IT'LL FLATTEN 'ER RIGHT OUT!
DEN WE SCRAM- BUT SMART, EH.
HO-HUM! AND I DID FIGURE ON SOME EXCITEMENT TONIGHT!


BUT SINCE I COULDN'T FIND ANY REAL EXCITEMENT!
THIS WILL HAVE TO DO, INSTEAD!
HELP! HELP!
YEOW!
H-HELP! LET ME -GULP- DOWN!!
SOMEONE TURN OFF THE WATER! I'LL CATCH HIM WHEN HE DROPS!
AN HOUR LATER.
...AND THEN MARVELOUS MARY MARVEL SAVED THE POLICE FUND AND THEN BOOSTED THE REWARDS FOR CATCHING THEIR CROOKS!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THRILLING! I'M SORRY I MISSED IT!
BUT DON'T YOU MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ADVENTURE OF MARY MARVEL IN WOW COMICS!
AND KIDS... LET'S GET THIS FIGHT DONE AND WON!.. BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!


HERO OF THE AIR WAVES AND THE AIR!
SOMETHING JUMPED FROM THAT SHIP! IT LOOKED LIKE A BAT--A HUGE BAT!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
ACE OF ACES!
YOUR RADIO FAVORITE - AMERICA'S AIRMAN!

FOLLOW HIS ADVENTURES IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE

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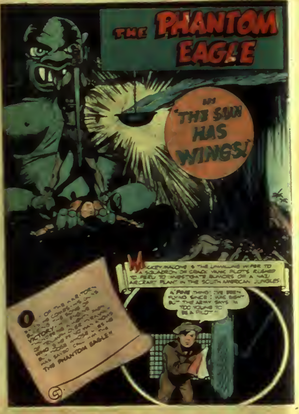
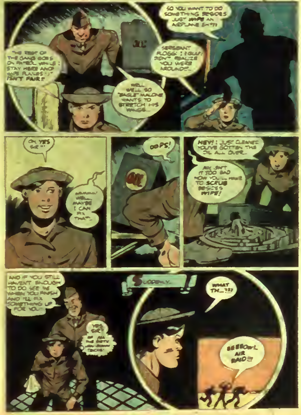
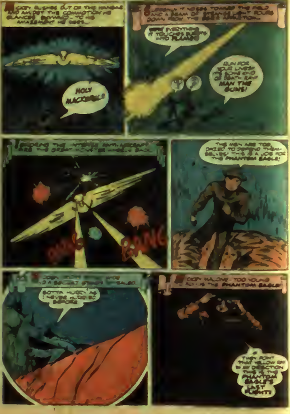
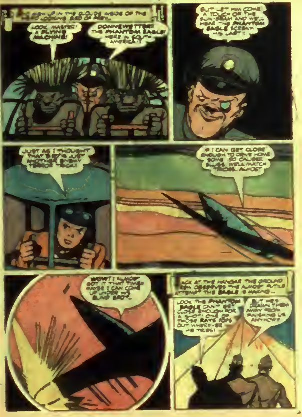
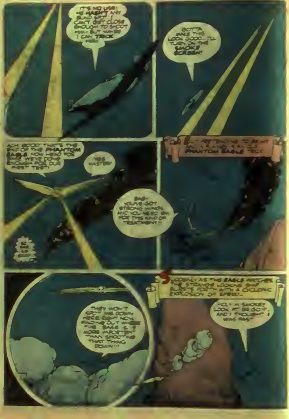
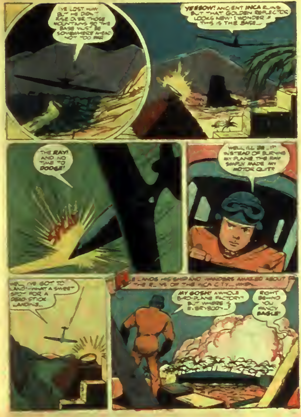

THE PHANTOM EAGLE
IN
"THE SUN HAS WINGS!"
O[illegible] OF THE [illegible] VICTORY [illegible] THE PHANTOM EAGLE"
MICKEY MALONE, THE [illegible] WIPER TO A SQUADRON OF CRACK YANK PILOTS RUSHED TO PERU TO INVESTIGATE RUMORS OF A NAZI AIRCRAFT PLANT IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES
"A FINE THING! I'VE BEEN FLYING SINCE I WAS EIGHT BUT THE ARMY SAYS I'M TOO YOUNG TO BE A PILOT!"

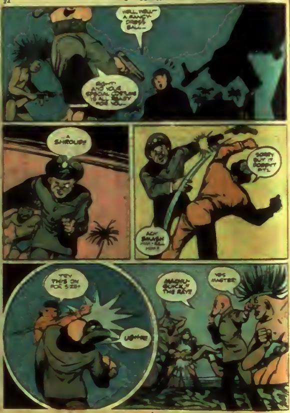

THE REST OF THE GANG GOES ON PATROL WHILE I STAY HERE AND WIPE PLANES - IT ISN'T FAIR!
WELL... WELL SO "EAGLE" MALONE WANTS TO STRETCH HIS WINGS...
OIL
SERGEANT FLOGG! I GULP! DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE AROUND!...
SO YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING BESIDES JUST WIPE AN AIRPLANE EH?!
OH YES SIR!!
MMMM! WELL... MAYBE I CAN FIX THAT...
OOPS!
OIL
HEY! I JUST CLEANED! YOU'VE GOTTEN THE OIL ALL OVER...
AW, ISN'T IT TOO BAD NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO SCRUB BESIDES WIPE!
AND IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T ENOUGH TO DO SEE ME WHEN YOU FINISH AND I'LL FIX SOMETHING UP FOR YOU
YES, SIR! OF ALL THE DIRTY LOW-DOWN TRICKS
SUDDENLY...
WHAT TH...?!?
EEEEOW! AIR RAID!!!

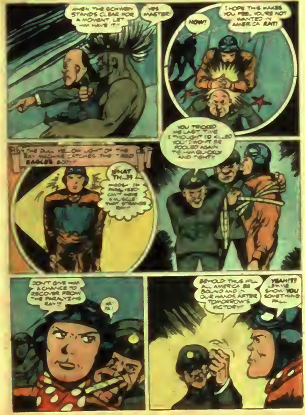

MICKEY RUSHES OUT OF THE HANGAR AND AMIDST THE COMMOTION HE GLANCES SKYWARD -- TO HIS AMAZEMENT HE SEES...
HOLY MACKEREL!
SUDDENLY IT NOSES TOWARD THE FIELD AND A BEAM OF [illegible] LIGHT POURS DOWN FROM THE [illegible]
WOW! EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES BURSTS INTO FLAME!
?
?
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! [illegible] MAN THE GUNS!
IGNORING THE INTENSE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE THE GREAT MONSTER WHEELS BACK
BANG
BANG
THE MEN ARE TOO DAZED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
SOON [illegible] IN A BRIGHT [illegible] EAGLE
GOTTA HURRY AS I NEVER HURRIED BEFORE
MICKEY MALONE, TOO YOUNG [illegible] IS THE PHANTOM EAGLE!
IF THEY POINT THAT YELLOW RAY IN MY DIRECTION THIS IS THE PHANTOM EAGLE'S LAST FLIGHT!

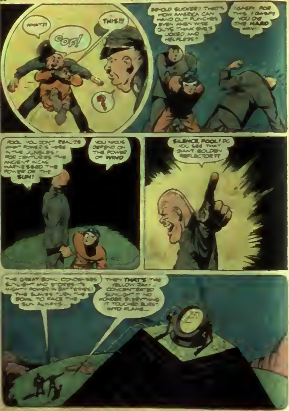

HIGH UP IN THE CLOUDS INSIDE OF THE WEIRD LOOKING BIRD OF PREY—
LOOK MASTER! A FLYING MACHINE!
DONNERWETTER! THE PHANTOM EAGLE! HERE IN SOUTH AMERICA?
BUT LET HIM COME A TOUCH OF THE SUN-BEAM AND WE'LL HEAR THE PHANTOM EAGLE SCREAM HIS LAST!!
JUST AS I THOUGHT THAT BIRD'S JUST ANOTHER ENEMY TERROR TRICK!
IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO DRIVE HOME SOME 50 CALIBER SLUGS, WE'LL MATCH TRICKS. ALMOST
WOW! I ALMOST GOT IT THAT TIME! MAYBE I CAN COME UP UNDER ITS BLIND SPOT—
BACK AT THE HANGAR THE GROUND MEN OBSERVE THE ALMOST FUTILE ATTEMPT THE EAGLE IS MAKING—
LOOK THE PHANTOM EAGLE CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A SHOT! ONE OF THOSE RAYS POPS OUT WHEREVER HE TRIES!
BUT HE'S DRAWN THEM AWAY FROM BLASTING US ANYHOW!

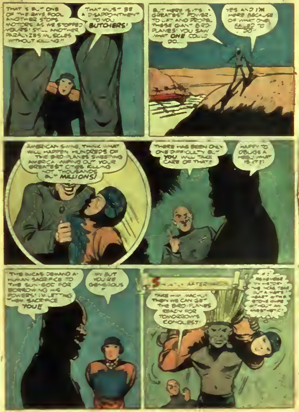

IT'S NO USE! HE HASN'T ANY BLIND SPOT! I CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT HIM - BUT MAYBE I CAN TRICK HIM!
GOTTA MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD—I'LL TURN ON THE SMOKE SCREEN!
[illegible] PHANTOM EAGLE TRICK
AH! GOOD! THAT'S THE END OF THE PHANTOM EAGLE. NOW HEAD FOR BASE. WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR OUR FIRST TRIP!
YES MASTER!
BABY, YOU'VE GOT STRONG WINGS AND YOU NEED 'EM FOR THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!
SUDDENLY AS THE EAGLE WATCHES, THE STRANGE LOOKING SHIP BLASTS FORTH WITH A CYCLONIC EXPLOSION OF SPEED.
HOLY H. SMOKE! LOOK AT 'ER GO! AND I THOUGHT I WAS FAST!
THEY WON'T SPOT ME DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW. FINDING OUT WHERE THE BASE IS, IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SHOOTING THAT THING DOWN!!

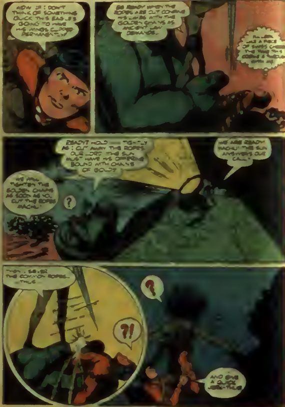

I'VE LOST HIM BUT HE DIDN'T RISE OVER THOSE MOUNTAINS SO THE BASE MUST BE SOMEWHERE AHEAD NOT TOO FAR
YEEEOW! ANCIENT INCA RUINS BUT THAT GOLDEN REFLECTOR LOOKS NEW! I WONDER IF THIS IS THE BASE...
THE RAY! AND NO TIME TO DODGE!
WELL, I'LL BE...!! INSTEAD OF BURNING MY PLANE THE RAY SIMPLY MADE MY MOTOR QUIT!
WELL, I'VE GOT TO LAND--WHAT A SWELL SPOT FOR A DEAD-STICK LANDING...
HE LANDS HIS SHIP AND WANDERS AMAZED ABOUT THE RUINS OF THE INCA CITY... WHEN...
MY GOSH! A WHOLE BIRD-PLANE FACTORY! BUT WHERE'S EVERYBODY...?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, FANCY EAGLE!

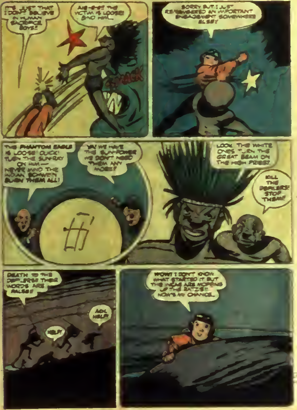

WELL WELL— A FANCY-DRESS BALL—
RIGHT! AND YOUR SPECIAL COSTUME IS ALL READY FOR YOU—
—A SHROUD!
SORRY, BUT IT DOESN'T FIT!
ACH! SMASH HIM - SMASH HIM!
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!
UGHH!
MAGNU-SUCK, THE RAY!
YES MASTER!

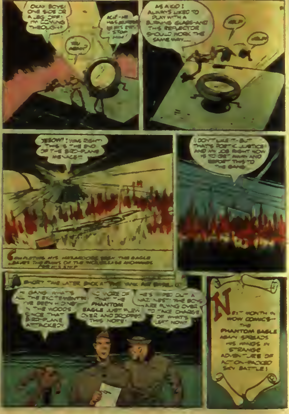

WHEN THE SCHWEIN STANDS CLEAR FOR A MOMENT LET HIM HAVE IT!"
YES MASTER
NOW!
I HOPE THIS MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'RE NOT WANTED IN AMERICA RAT!
THE DULL YELLOW LIGHT OF THE RAY MACHINE CATCHES THE "RED EAGLE'S" BODY"
WHAT TH...!!
GOSH... I'M PARALYZED... CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE THAT STRANGE RAY!"
YOU TRICKED ME LAST TIME I THOUGHT TO KILLED YOU! I WON'T BE FOOLED AGAIN TIE HIM QUICKLY AND TIGHT!"
DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THE PARALYZING RAY!!
HA HA!
BEHOLD! THUS WILL ALL AMERICA BE BOUND AND IN OUR HANDS AFTER TOMORROW'S VICTORY!"
YEAH!?? LEMME SHOW YOU SOMETHING PAL...

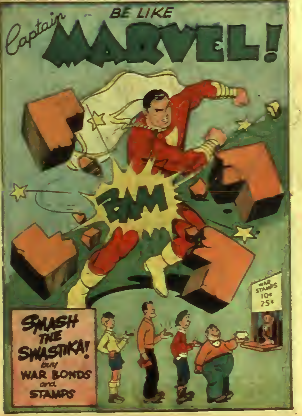

WHAT?!
OOF!
THIS!!!
?
BEHOLD SUCKER! THAT'S HOW AMERICA CAN HAND OUT PUNCHES EVEN WHEN WISE GUYS THINK SHE'S LICKED AND HELPLESS!
GASP! FOR THIS, I GASP! YOU DIE THE HARD WAY!
FOOL, YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT POWER IS HERE IN THE JUNGLES! FOR CENTURIES THE ANCIENT INCAS HARNESSED THE POWER OF THE SUN!
YOU NAZIS DEPEND ON THE POWER OF WIND
SILENCE, FOOL! DO YOU SEE THAT GIANT GOLDEN REFLECTOR?!
THE GREAT BOWL CONDENSES SUNLIGHT AND STORES ITS MIGHTY POWER IN BATTERIES. THE SLAVES TURN THE BOWL TO FACE THE SUN ALWAYS...
THEN THAT'S THE YELLOW RAY -- CONCENTRATED SUNLIGHT! NO WONDER EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED BURST INTO FLAME...


THAT IS BUT ONE OF THE RAYS, FOOL. ANOTHER STOPS MOTORS AS WE STOPPED YOURS! STILL ANOTHER PARALYZES MUSCLES WITHOUT KILLING!
THAT MUST BE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU BUTCHERS!
BUT HERE IS ITS GREATEST POWER— TO LIFT AND PROPEL THESE GIANT BIRD-PLANES! YOU SAW WHAT ONE COULD DO...
YES AND I'M HERE BECAUSE OF WHAT ONE FAILED TO DO!
AMERICAN SWINE, THINK WHAT WILL HAPPEN HUNDREDS OF THE BIRD-PLANES SWEEPING AMERICA, WIPING OUT YOUR GREATEST CITIES KILLING NOT THOUSANDS BUT MILLIONS!
THERE HAS BEEN ONLY ONE DIFFICULTY BUT YOU WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
HAPPY TO OBLIGE A HEEL! WHAT IS IT?
THE INCAS DEMAND A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO THE SUN-GOD FOR BORROWING HIS POWERS! I'M LETTING THEM SACRIFICE YOU!
MY BUT YOU'RE GENEROUS!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS
TAKE HIM AWAY, MACHU! THEN WE CAN GET THE BIRD-PLANES READY FOR TOMORROW'S CONQUEST!
OH! REMEMBER IN HISTORY THE INCAS TORE OUT A MAN'S HEART WITH A STONE KNIFE WITHOUT AN ANESTHETIC!

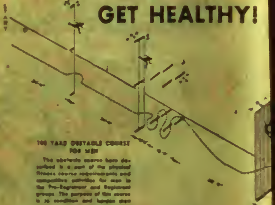

NOW IS ! DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK THIS EAGLE'S GOING TO HAVE HIS WINGS CLIPPED PERMANENTLY!
BE READY WHEN THE ROPES ARE CUT COVERING HIS LIMBS WITH THE GOLDEN CHAINS AS ANCIENT LAW DEMANDS.
[illegible] LIKE A PIECE OF [illegible]
READY! HOLD —— TIGHTLY AS I CUT AWAY THE ROPES. OUR LORD THE SUN MUST HAVE HIS OFFERING BOUND WITH CHAINS OF GOLD!
WE ARE READY MACHU! THE SUN ANSWERS OUR CALL.
WE WILL TIGHTEN THE GOLDEN CHAINS AS SOON AS YOU CUT THE ROPES MACHU.
?
THEN . . SEVER THE COMMON ROPES. . . THUS . . .
?
?!
AND GIVE A QUICK JERK—THUS


IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN HUMAN SACRIFICE BOYS!
AIE-EEE! THE VICTIM IS LOOSE! GRAB HIM—
SMACK
SORRY BUT I JUST REMEMBERED AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
THE PHANTOM EAGLE IS LOOSE! QUICK! TURN THE SUN-RAY ON HIM— NEVER MIND THE MOON BOWMEN BURN THEM ALL!
YA! WE HAVE THE SUN-POWER WE DON'T NEED THEM ANY MORE!
LOOK! THE WHITE ONES TURN THE GREAT BEAM ON THE HIGH PRIESTS!
KILL THE DEFILERS! STOP THEM!
DEATH TO THE DEFILERS! THEIR WORDS ARE FALSE!!
HELP!
AGH! HELP!
WOW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT STARTED IT BUT THE NATIVES ARE HOPPING ON THE RAFTS! NOW'S MY CHANCE.


OKAY BOYS! ONE SIDE OR A LEG OFF! I'M COMING THROUGH!
YOU MEAN?
ACK! -HE HAS BLINDED [illegible] - STOP HIM!
AS A KID I ALWAYS LIKED TO PLAY WITH A BURNING GLASS-AND THIS REFLECTOR SHOULD WORK THE SAME WAY_
HELP!
HELP!
YEEOW! I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS THE END OF THE BIRD-PLANE MENACE!!
COMPLETING HIS HAZARDOUS TASK THE EAGLE LEAVES THE RUINS OF THE INCREDIBLE MONSTERS FOR HIS SHIP
I DON'T LIKE IT-BUT THAT'S POETIC JUSTICE AND MY JOB RIGHT NOW IS TO GET AWAY AND REPORT THIS TO THE GANG
SHORTLY THEREAFTER BACK AT THE YANK AIR BASE...
HI GANG! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT? I'VE BEEN HIDING IN THE WOODS SINCE THAT BIRD-PLANE ATTACKED!
NO MORE OF THAT! THE PHANTOM EAGLE JUST FLEW OVER AND DROPPED THIS NOTE!
HE'S WIPED OUT A NAZI NEST! THE BOYS ARE FLYING OVER TO TAKE CHARGE OF WHAT'S LEFT NOW!
NEXT MONTH IN WOW COMICS— THE PHANTOM EAGLE AGAIN SPREADS HIS WINGS IN STRANGE ADVENTURE OF ACTION-PACKED SKY BATTLE!


BE LIKE
Captain MARVEL!
BAM
WAR STAMPS 10¢ 25¢
SMASH THE SWASTIKA! buy WAR BONDS and STAMPS

TOUGHEN UP... GET HEALTHY!



100 YARD OBSTACLE COURSE FOR MEN

The obstacle course here described is a part of the physical fitness course requirements and competitive activities for men in the Pre-Registrant and Registrant groups. The purpose of this course is to condition and harden men physically and to aid in the development of the competitive spirit and necessary determination to overcome obstacles. A high degree of skill, speed, strength, and endurance is required to meet the challenge of this course. The fundamental skills of running, jumping for height and distance, vaulting, climbing, balancing, dodging and tumbling are included in the complete course. This event should be run against time and against other individuals in order to get the maximum benefit.

Plan of Events

The attached schematic view of the course presents four lanes. Each lane should be 6 feet in width and all obstacles adapted to this width. It is urged that 4 lanes with 4 sets of obstacles be set up so that competition in groups of four may be conducted at one time. Standards on a time basis will be included in the program developed by the Division of Physical Fitness of the State War Council. This will make it possible to compare with such standards even though only one or two lanes have been set up.

Description and Order of Events

1. From the starting line run 30 feet (10 yards) and hurdle a 3½ foot obstacle. Note: Standard 3½ foot track hurdles may be used, although the diagram shows a fixed rail.

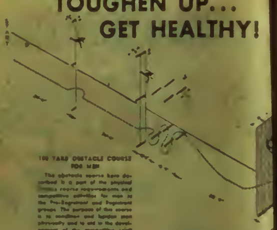
2. Run 30 feet (10 yards) and vault fence 4 feet high.

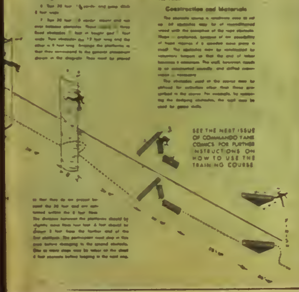
3. Run 15 feet (5 yards) and dodge four posts, running to the right of the first and third posts and to the left of the second and fourth posts. Posts are placed six feet apart on the long axis, and [illegible] within the limits of a six foot lane. [illegible] 15 to 20 inches high, [illegible] are recommended.

4. After completing dodging, run 30 feet

TOUGHEN UP... GET HEALTHY! with COMMANDO YANK'S SPECIAL TRAINING COURSE

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL "RANGER TRAINING" COURSE USED BY HIGH SCHOOLS





100 YARD OBSTACLE COURSE FOR MEN

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Plan of Events

[illegible]

Description and Order of Events

1. [illegible]

2. [illegible]

3. [illegible]

4. After completing dodging, run 30 feet [illegible]

[illegible]

5. [illegible]

6. [illegible]

7. [illegible]

8. [illegible]

9. Run through to finish line—end of 100 yards.

Construction and Materials

[illegible]

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF COMMANDO YANK COMICS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO USE THE TRAINING COURSE

[illegible]

with COMMANDO YANK'S
SPECIAL TRAINING COURSE

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL "RANGER TRAINING" COURSE USED BY HIGH SCHOOLS

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

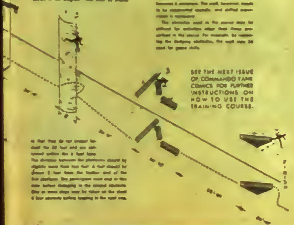
[illegible]

[illegible]

Construction and Materials

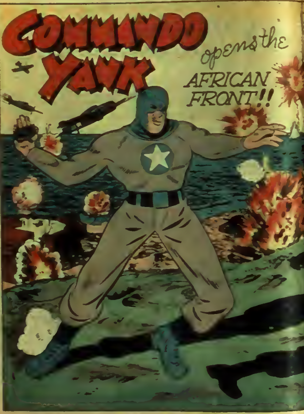
[illegible]

[illegible]

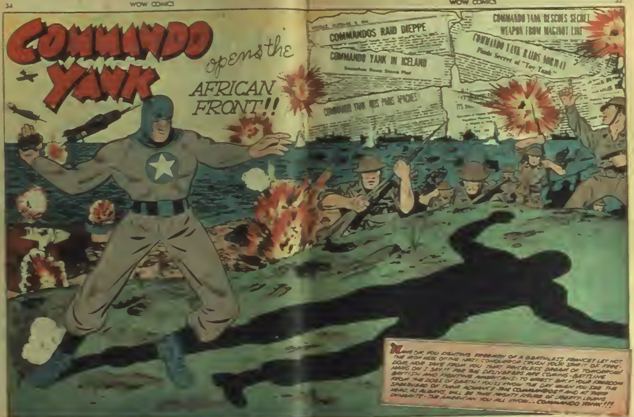


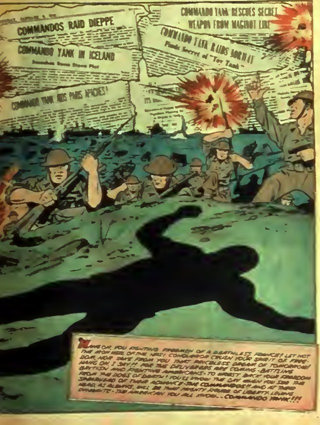
SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF COMMANDO YANK COMICS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO USE THE TRAINING COURSE.

[illegible]


COMMANDO YANK
opens the
AFRICAN FRONT!!

COMMANDO YANK opens the AFRICAN FRONT!!


COMMANDOS RAID DIEPPE
COMMANDO YANK IN ICELAND
COMMANDO YANK HITS PARIS APACHES
COMMANDO YANK RESCUES SECRET WEAPON FROM MAGINOT LINE
COMMANDO YANK RAIDS NORWAY
Finds Secret of "Toy Tank"
HANG ON, YOU FIGHTING FREEMEN OF A DEATHLESS FRANCE! LET NOT THE IRON HEEL OF THE NAZI CONQUEROR CRUSH YOUR SPIRIT OF FREEDOM, NOR TAKE FROM YOU THAT PRICELESS DREAM OF TOMORROW! HANG ON I SAY!! FOR THE DELIVERERS ARE COMING - BATTLING BRITISH AND FIGHTING AMERICANS - TO WREST BACK YOUR FREEDOM FROM THE DOGS OF DEATH! YOU'LL KNOW THE DAY WHEN YOU SEE THE SPEARHEAD OF THEIR ADVANCE - THE "COMMANDOS" AND AT THEIR HEAD, AS ALWAYS, WILL BE THAT MIGHTY FIGURE OF LIBERTY-LOVING DYNAMITE - THE AMERICAN YOU ALL KNOW... COMMANDO YANK!!!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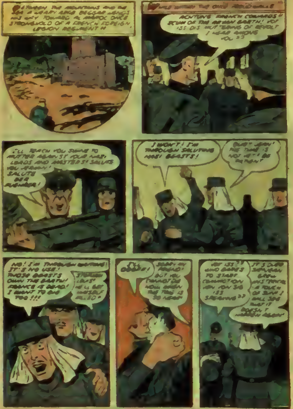
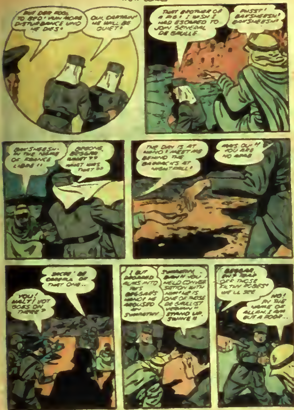
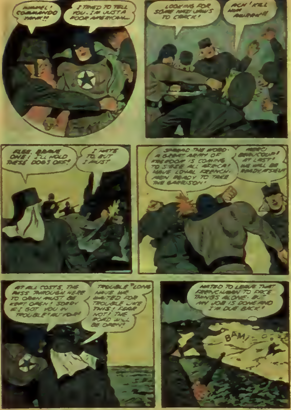
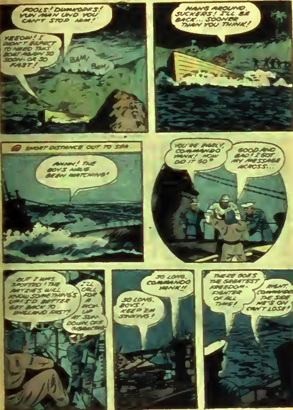
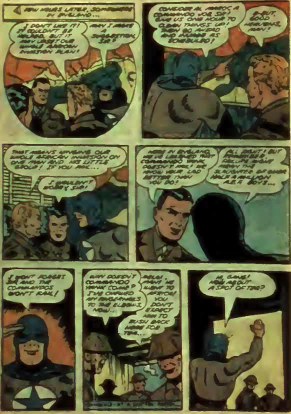
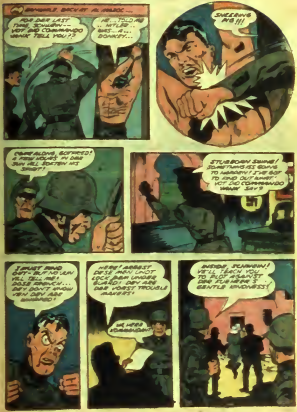

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA A WEARY AGED BEGGAR WENDS HIS WAY TOWARD AL MAROK, ONCE STRONGHOLD OF A FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION REGIMENT!
WHILE WITHIN THE OLD FORT WALLS
ACHTUNG, FRENCH COWARDS! SCUM OF THE [illegible] EARTH! VOT IS DIS MUTTERING OF REVOLT I HEAR AMONG YOU?
I'LL TEACH YOU SWINE TO MUTTER AGAINST YOUR NAZI LORDS AND MASTERS! SALUTE YOU FRENCH! SALUTE DER FUEHRER!
I WON'T! I'M THROUGH SALUTING NAZI BEASTS!
QUIET, JEAN! THE TIME IS NOT YET! BE PATIENT!
NO! I'M THROUGH WAITING! IT'S NO USE! THOSE BEASTS OWN THE EARTH! FRANCE IS DEAD! I WANT TO DIE TOO!!!
STEADY, LOUIS! HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED!
I'LL OBLIGE!
SORRY, MY FRIEND! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T DIE NOW WHEN THE TIME IS SO NEAR!
VOT IS?? WHO DARES TO START CONVERSATION VEN ICH IS SPEAKING??
IT'S OLD SERGEANT [illegible] HAS TOUCH OF SUN! I WILL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

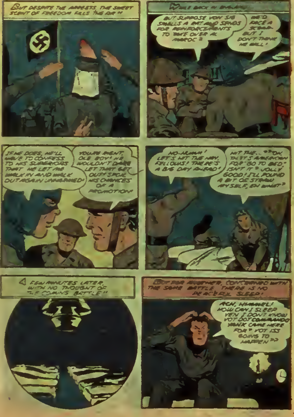

BUT DER FOOL TO BEG! VUN MORE DISTURBANCE UND HE DIES!
OUI, CAPTAIN! HE WILL BE QUIET!
THAT BROTHER OF A PIG! I WISH I HAD ESCAPED TO JOIN GENERAL DE GAULLE
PSSST! BAKSHEESH! BAKSHEESH!
BAKSHEESH- IN THE NAME OF FRANCE LIBRE!!
BEGONE, BEGGAR! WHAT?? WHAT WAS THAT?
THE DAY IS AT HAND! MEET ME BEHIND THE BARRACKS AT NIGHTFALL!
MAIS OUI! YOU ARE NO ARAB
SACRE! BE CAREFUL OF THAT ONE..
YOU! HALT! VOT GOES ON THERE?
I BUT DROPPED ALMS INTO THIS BEGGAR'S HAND! HE AROUSED MY SUSPICION
SUSPICION - BAH! YOU HELD CONVERSATION WITH HIM! HE IS ONE OF THOSE DE GAULLIST VERMIN! STAND UP, SWINE!!
BEGGAR, EH? STRIP OFF THOSE FILTHY ROBES! WE'LL SEE
NO! IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, I AM BUT A POOR...

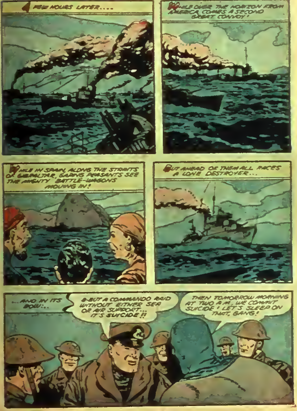

HIMMEL! COMMANDO YANK!!
I TRIED TO TELL YOU - I'M JUST A POOR AMERICAN...
LOOKING FOR SOME NAZI JAWS TO CRACK!
ACH! KILL HIM ALREADY!!
FLEE, BRAVE ONE! I'LL HOLD THESE DOGS OFF!
I HATE TO, BUT I MUST!
SPREAD THE WORD - A GREAT ARMY OF FREEDOM IS COMING TO SEIZE ALL AFRICA! HAVE LOYAL FRENCH-MEN READY TO TAKE THE GARRISON!
MERCI BEAUCOUP! AT LAST! WE WILL BE READY, M'SIEU!
AT ALL COSTS, THE PASS THROUGH HERE TO ORAN MUST BE KEPT OPEN! SORRY IF I GOT YOU IN TROUBLE! AU VOIR!
TROUBLE? LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR TROUBLE LIKE THIS! FEAR NOT! THE ROAD WILL BE OPEN!
HATED TO LEAVE THAT FRENCHMAN TO FACE THINGS ALONE - BUT MY JOB IS DONE AND I'M DUE BACK!
BAM!

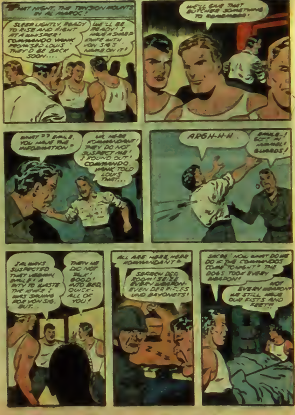

FOOLS! DUMKOPFS! VUN MAN UND YOU CAN'T STOP HIM!
YEEOW! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO NEED THIS BOAT AGAIN SO SOON- OR SO FAST!
BAM!
BAM!
HANG AROUND, SUCKERS! I'LL BE BACK... SOONER THAN YOU THINK!
SHORT DISTANCE OUT TO SEA
AHHH! THE BOYS HAVE BEEN WATCHING!
YOU'RE EARLY, COMMANDO YANK! HOW DID IT GO?
GOOD AND BAD! I GOT MY MESSAGE ACROSS...
BUT I WAS SPOTTED! THE RATZIES WILL KNOW SOMETHING'S UP! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO ENGLAND FAST!
I'LL CALL FOR A PICK-UP AT SUN-DOWN, OFF GIBRALTAR!
SO LONG, COMMANDO YANK!!
SO LONG, BOYS! KEEP 'EM SINKING!
THERE GOES THE GREATEST FREEDOM-FIGHTER OF ALL TIME!
RIGHT, COMMANDER! THE SIDE HE'S ON CAN'T LOSE!

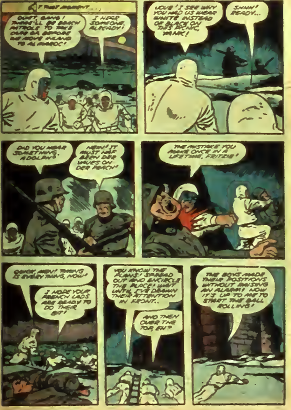

FEW HOURS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND...
I DON'T LIKE IT! IT COULDN'T BE HELPED, BUT IT MAY UPSET OUR WHOLE AFRICAN INVASION PLAN!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION, SIR?
CONSIDER AL AMROC A COMMANDO JOB, SIR! GIVE US ONE HOUR TO CLEAN THINGS UP! THEN GO AHEAD AND INVADE AS SCHEDULED!
B-BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MAN!
THAT MEANS HINGING OUR WHOLE AFRICAN INVASION ON ONE MAN AND HIS LITTLE GROUP! IF YOU FAIL...
I WOULDN'T WORRY, SIR!
HERE IN ENGLAND, WE'VE LEARNED THAT COMMANDO WORK DOESN'T FAIL! WE KNOW YOUR LAD BETTER THAN YOU DO!
ALL RIGHT! BUT REMEMBER! FAILURE MIGHT MEAN THE SLAUGHTER OF OVER HALF A MILLION A.E.F. BOYS...
I WON'T FORGET, SIR AND THE COMMANDOS WON'T FAIL!
WHY DOESN'T COMMANDO YANK COME? I'VE CHEWED MY FINGERNAILS TO THE ELBOWS, NOW..
RELAX, MAN! HE WENT TO AFRICA! YOU DON'T EXPECT HIM TO RUSH BACK HERE FOR TEA...
HI, GANG! HOW ABOUT A SPOT OF TEA?

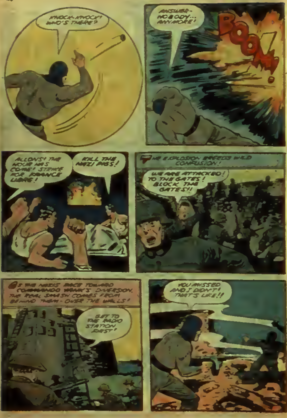

MEANWHILE, BACK AT AL MAROC --
FOR DER LAST TIME, SCHWEIN -- VOT DID COMMANDO YANK TELL YOU??
HE... TOLD ME .. HITLER .. WAS... A... DONKEY...
SNEERING NO!!!
COME ALONG, GOTFRIED! A FEW HOURS IN DER SUN VILL SOFTEN HIS SPIRIT!
STUBBORN SWINE! SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT! VOT DID COMMANDO YANK SAY?
I MUST FIND OUT - BUT NO 'UN VILL TELL ME! DOSE FRENCH... DEY DON'T KNOW VEN DEY ARE WHIPPED!
HERE! ARREST DESE MEN UNDT LOCK DEM UNDER GUARD! DEY ARE DER VORST TROUBLE MAKERS!
JA, HERR KOMMANDANT!
INSIDE, SCHWEIN! VE'LL TEACH YOU TO PLOT AGAINST DER FUEHRER'S GENTLE KINDNESS!

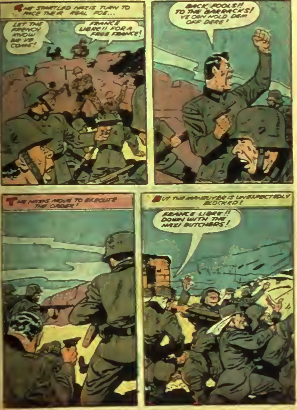

BUT DESPITE THE ARRESTS, THE SWEET SCENT OF FREEDOM FILLS THE AIR!
WHILE BACK IN ENGLAND...
BUT SUPPOSE VON SIG SMELLS A RAT AND SENDS FOR REINFORCEMENTS TO TAKE OVER AL MAROC?
HE'D FACE A SCRAP. BUT I DON'T THINK HE WILL!
IF HE DOES, HE'LL HAVE TO CONFESS TO HIS SUPERIORS THAT HE LET ME WALK IN AND WALK OUT AGAIN UNHARMED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, OLE BOY! HE WOULDN'T DARE LET THAT GET OUT! SPOIL HIS CHANCES OF A PROMOTION!
HO-HUMMM! LET'S HIT THE HAY, FELLOWS! THERE'S A BIG DAY AHEAD!
HIT THE...?" "OH, THAT'S AMERICAN FOR "GO TO BED," ISN'T IT? JOLLY GOOD! I'LL POUND A BIT OF STRAW MYSELF, EH WHAT?
A FEW MINUTES LATER, WITH NO THOUGHT OF THE COMING BATTLE!
BUT FOR ANOTHER, CONCERNED WITH THE SAME BATTLE, THERE IS NO PEACEFUL SLEEP!
ACH, HIMMEL! HOW CAN I SLEEP VEN I DON'T KNOW VOT DOT COMMANDO YANK CAME HERE FOR? VOT ISS GOING TO HAPPEN??

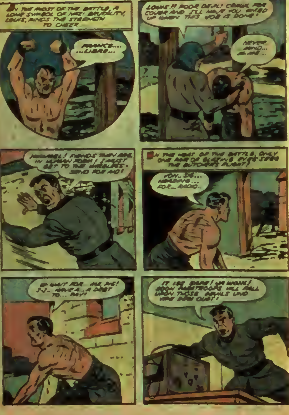

A FEW HOURS LATER....
WHILE OVER THE HORIZON FROM AMERICA COMES A SECOND GREAT CONVOY!
WHILE IN SPAIN, ALONG THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR, GAPING PEASANTS SEE THE MIGHTY "BATTLE-WAGONS" MOVING IN!
BUT AHEAD OF THEM ALL RACES A LONE DESTROYER...
...AND IN ITS BOW:..
B-BUT A COMMANDO RAID WITHOUT EITHER SEA OR AIR SUPPORT... IT'S SUICIDE!!
THEN TOMORROW MORNING AT TWO A.M., WE COMMIT SUICIDE! LET'S SLEEP ON THAT, GANG!

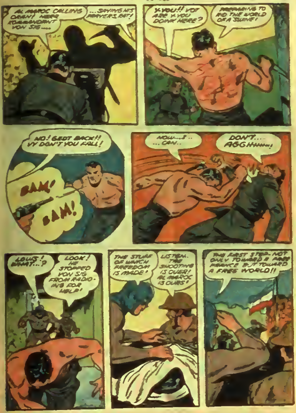

THAT NIGHT, THE TENSION MOUNTS IN AL MAROC!
SLEEP LIGHTLY, READY TO RISE AND FIGHT AT A WHISPER! COMMANDO YANK PROMISED LOUIS THEY'D BE BACK SOON....
WE'LL BE READY! I HAVE A SHARP KNIFE WITH VON SIG'S NAME ON IT!
WE'LL GIVE THAT BUTCHER SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!
WHAT?? EMILE. YOU HAVE THE INFORMATION?
JA, HERR KOMMANDANT! THEY DO NOT SUSPECT ME! I FOUND OUT! COMMANDO YANK TOLD LOUIS THAT...
ARGH-H-H.
EMILE-! GOTT IN HIMMEL! GUARDS!
I ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT VERMIN EMILE! A PITY TO WASTE THE KNIFE I WAS SAVING FOR VON SIG. BUT. .
THEN WE DO NOT TALK! GOOD! INTO BED, QUICK. ALL OF YOU!
ALL ARE HERE, HERR KOMMANDANT!
SEARCH DER ROOM! SEIZE EVERY WEAPON-EVEN DER RIFLES UND BAYONETS!
SACRE! NOW WHAT DO WE DO IF THE COMMANDOS COME TONIGHT? THE DOGS TOOK EVERY WEAPON!
NOT EVERY WEAPON! WE STILL HAVE OUR FISTS AND FEET!!

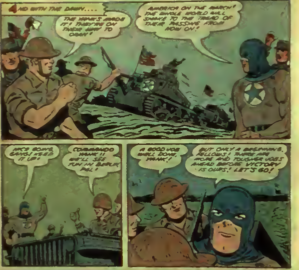

AT THAT MOMENT...
QUIET, GANG! THERE'LL BE BEACH PATROLS TO TAKE CARE OF, BEFORE WE MOVE INLAND TO AL MAROC!
I HEAR SOMEONE, ALREADY!
JOVE! I SEE WHY YOU HAD US WEAR WHITE INSTEAD OF BLACK ON THIS PICNIC, YANK!
SHHH! READY...
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING, ADOLPH?
NEIN! IT MUST HAF BEEN DER WAVES ON DER BEACH!
THE MISTAKE YOU MAKE ONCE IN A LIFETIME, FRITZIE!
QUICK, MEN! TIMING IS EVERYTHING, NOW!
I HOPE YOUR FRENCH LADS ARE READY TO DO THEIR BIT!
YOU KNOW THE PLANS! SPREAD OUT AND ENCIRCLE THE PLACE! WAIT UNTIL I'VE DRAWN THEIR ATTENTION IN FRONT..
AND THEN OVER THE TOP, EH?
THE BOYS MADE THEIR POSITIONS WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM! NOW IT'S UP TO ME TO START THE BALL ROLLING!


KNOCK-KNOCK! WHO'S THERE?
ANSWER- NOBODY... ANYMORE!
BOOM!
ALLONS! THE HOUR HAS COME! STRIKE FOR FRANCE LIBRE!
KILL THE NAZI PIGS!
THE EXPLOSION BREEDS WILD CONFUSION!
WE ARE ATTACKED! TO THE GATES! BLOCK THE GATES!!
AS THE NAZIS RACE TOWARD COMMANDO YANK'S DIVERSION, THE REAL SMASH COMES FROM BEHIND THEM - OVER THE WALLS!
GET TO THE RADIO STATION FIRST!
YOU MISSED AND I DIDN'T! THAT'S LIFE!!


THE STARTLED NAZIS TURN TO FACE THEIR REAL FOE...
LET THE FRENCH KNOW WE'VE COME!
FRANCE LIBRE!! FOR A FREE FRANCE!
BACK, FOOLS!! TO THE BARRACKS! VE CAN HOLD DEM OFF DERE!
THE NAZIS MOVE TO EXECUTE THE ORDER!
BUT THE MANEUVER IS UNEXPECTEDLY BLOCKED!
FRANCE LIBRE!! DOWN WITH THE NAZI BUTCHERS!


IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE, A LONE SYMBOL OF NAZI BRUTALITY, LOUIS, FINDS THE STRENGTH TO CHEER
FRANCE... ...LIBRE...
LOUIS!! POOR DEVIL! CRAWL FOR COVER AND I'LL HAVE YOU FIXED UP WHEN THIS JOB IS DONE!
NEVER MIND... [illegible] ..
HIMMEL! FIENDS THEY ARE, IN HUMAN FORM! I MUST GET TO THE WIRELESS- SEND FOR AID!
IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE, ONLY ONE PAIR OF GLAZING EYES SEES THE BUTCHER'S FLIGHT!
VON... DE... HEADING... FOR... RADIO..
W-WAIT FOR... ME, PIG! I-I... HAVE A... A DEBT TO... PAY!
IT ISS SAFE! JA WOHL! SOON PARATROOPS VILL FALL UPON THOSE DEVILS UND WIPE DEM OUT!


AL MAROC CALLING ORAN! HERR KOMMANDANT VON SIG....
...SAYING HIS PRAYERS, RAT!
Y-YOU!! VOT ARE Y-YOU DOINK HERE?
PREPARING TO RID THE WORLD OF A SWINE!
NO! GEDT BACK!! VY DON'T YOU FALL!
BAM!
BAM!
NOW...I... ...CAN..
DON'T... AGGHHHH!
LOUIS! WHAT...?
LOOK! HE STOPPED VON SIG FROM RADIO-ING FOR HELP!
THE STUFF OF WHICH FREEDOM IS MADE!
LISTEN. THE SHOOTING IS OVER! AL MAROC IS OURS!
THE FIRST STEP--NOT ONLY TOWARD A FREE FRANCE BUT TOWARD A FREE WORLD!!


AND WITH THE DAWN....
THE YANKS MADE IT! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO ORAN!
AMERICA ON THE MARCH! THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SHAKE TO THE TREAD OF THEIR PASSING FROM NOW ON!
NICE GOING, GANG! KEEP IT UP!
COMMANDO YANK!! WE'LL SEE YOU IN BERLIN, PAL!
A GOOD JOB WELL DONE, YANK!
BUT ONLY A BEGINNING, FELLOWS! THERE ARE MORE AND TOUGHER JOBS AHEAD BEFORE VICTORY IS OURS! LET'S GO!

WHO IS COMMANDO YANK?

WHO REALLY IS THIS AMAZING FIGHTER... "THE TOUGHEST GUY IN COMICS"??

READ YOUR NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER OF **WOW COMICS**... AND DISCOVER THE REAL IDENTITY OF THE AMAZING, TOUGH, MYSTERIOUS **COMMANDO YANK!**

MONKEY LUCK

BY RAY TENDER

THERE WERE those among the less admiring of Patrick Timothy Aloysius O'Bryan's friends who had, on various occasions, implied that he was the only orangutang at large in New York City. The slur upon Patrick's dignity had been made, of course, before the war. Patrick had since gone a long way in the world. In fact, he had gone half way around it, and into a stinking jungle at some place he could not even name, and landed in a Japanese captive camp.

He was now out of it. But, as Private Petrie was pointedly remarking, it was not due to his brains. The Japs had thought they had bayonetted Petrie dead, and that Corporal Patrick was simply too dumb to worry about.

"A fine thanks it is," Patrick growled, "for saving a spalpeen's life! By this time, the jabberin little midgets would of made chop suey of you!"

"Now that I think of it," Petrie remarked, "I am minded that when you shouted charge, the sergeant had just ordered retreat. And that had something to do with our getting into that hornet nest!"

"The sergeant is a thick headed Dutchman," Patrick told him. "And must of got the general's orders all mixed up. Why should we be retreating with fifteen hundred of the dirty slant eyed heathens still out there for us to beat up?"

"Possibly," Petrie suggested, "because there were only four hundred of us!"

"Don't be tryin to get me off the point!" Patrick warned. He scooped the pouring sweat from his neck, and pushed on into the hot green light of the jungle.

They had sucked up their first, long drink at a pool and were breathing it down before they took another, when Patrick said with sudden tenseness, "Petrie, it's poison!"

"What?" Petrie demanded.

"The water," Patrick said, staring at the pool. I am seein' myself double!"

Petrie looked over his shoulder, and let out a long breath, and then said with no great emotion. "It is a fact."

"I can feel it burnin through my stomach!" Patrick grated. "Petrie, it's got me! I am a dyin' man!"

He slumped down beside the pool, great hands clawing at his middle. He gave a terrible groan of anguish, and writhing, turned upon his back. After a moment, his body stilled, and he stared upward at a branch. He muttered, "Glory be, now I'm up above myself! Maybe I'm already dead!"

HIS OTHER self took that moment to give a shrill chatter, and pick a cootie from its chest. Shortly, there were other shrill chatterings in the trees. A small army of monkeys joined the first one on inspection.

Petrie said, "I thought you were Irish! Brother, don't tell me you weren't born right here!"

"It is some more of the dirty Jap's work!" Patrick growled. He got up feeling his beard. A week in that filthy barbed wire compound had not helped to humanize his looks. The first monkey watched him with mischievous attention, and then felt of his own face.

Patrick made noises of temper, and thumbed his nose at his mimic visitor. The monkey thumbed his nose right back. Then he sat there laughing.

The Irishman gave a grudging grin, and chattered at the monkey. This caused sensational interest in the tree branches. For a moment, the air was thick with dropping bodies as the animals came lower down to listen.

Petrie snorted. "You're one of 'em! They even understand you."

Patrick grinned a few last chatters at his friends, and they pushed on into the thickening wet heat. Occasionally, they heard the shrill whine of diving planes in the distance, and the dull thud of a bomb. The jungle grew steadily hotter, a clinging, sucking heat that drained their breath and strength. The strange green light was beginning to thicken when they came into a small clearing. The noise of fighting came clearly now, not far away. Patrick nodded in that direction.

"We're getting near the air field. I remember when we came through palms like them."

"Look," Petrie grumbled. "Just don't get to thinking like you did when you ordered that charge!"

Patrick demanded. "Didn't we wipe out a platoon of the grinning devils? We'll get medals!"

"If we get back," Petrie snapped. "We'll probably get court martialed! It is bad enough when the Japs make a monkey of you, without making one of yourself!"

The monkeys selected that moment to come flying back and screech at him. Petrie cursed. "If there is a Jap sniper in that bush, they'll point us out to him for sure!"

"Whah!" Patrick snorted. "They're good luck!"

The jungle lessened, and abruptly, they came into a grove of palm trees. The intermittent sound of fighting came from no great distance. Patrick said, "We're no more than a mile from the air field. We'll be having supper home, me boy!"

"Yeah." Petrie nodded. "Bread and water? What are you going to say about taking a squad forward against orders? Not to mention losing an anti-tank and two ammunition?"

Patrick scowled. There were going to be some embarrassing questions about that. They belonged to a crack outfit, holding its own against superior numbers partly because of its reputation for running no slightest chance. When the Japs saw their outfit coming, they knew they were trapped, and they turned and ran like blazes. Patrick's streak of Fenian bravery had shown the Japs his outfit was not invincible and been a needle in their morale.

"We'll have luck yet," he insisted stubbornly.

"We'll have the Jap snipers," Petrie corrected. "Personally escorted by your friends!" The monkeys were racing back through the tree tops and along the ground, chattering like mad, and calling attention to this spot. And the fringe of jungle surrounding the air field was alive with snipers.

They moved on to get away from the chattering tribe, but now the long, lean-legged animals surrounded them in a ring. They kept dancing about in high agitation, constantly looking back.

PATRICK WATCHED them, and after a moment, he said, "Hold up!" Somewhere behind he caught the solitary clank of metal. No words were needed. There was a detachment of light armored forces moving up behind. The Japs were getting ready for a night assault.

Petrie looked ahead and could just make out the thick dust clouds rising from the air field. He said grimly, "We'll never make it with these monkeys! Every sniper along the fringe will have his eye peeled our way!"

"We've got to let our CO know the Japs are on the move!" Patrick growled.

Petrie shrugged. "We'll have to hide and try after dark!"

He looked around, but there was no place to hide. This was a clean swept grove. The biggest monkey dropped down and hopped about jabbering in front of him, and then streaked back up a tree. The Irishman said, "That's it!" and picked a leaning palm, and they started up.

The first Japs came through the grove just before he got into the thick green head. He jacked himself into a clump beside Petrie, and they clung there looking down. Japs had them covered with automatic rifles, and their keen black eyes were sweeping other trees.

An officer came forward, suspiciously. His eyes swept the trees filled with curious monkeys, and then swung back to Patrick. Suddenly, he said something in guttural Japanese, and his whole body of men chuckled with their queer humor. They moved almost directly beneath the Americans, a narrow, jungle caterpillar filled with grenades and a grenade gun coming up.

The officer called up arrogantly. "You can come down now, *American monkeys!*"

His men showed uproarious humor at this thought. "That's bad," Petrie grunted. "Anything is bad that lets them laugh at us!"

"I'll not be going down, at least!" Patrick growled.

The officer beneath dropped his grin. He snapped a second, curt order at them. He gave them three seconds, and seeing no movement, spoke to the soldier by his side. The soldier took aim, and put a row of bullets beneath their feet.

Patrick's Fenian rage burst through him in a sudden, blazing shout. He had seen these Japs making living targets of men before. Not shooting to kill. But whittling a man like they would a target on a range.

He acted automatically. He grabbed a coconut and heaved it at the officer. In that same instant, the tree tops were full of chattering noise. He sent down a second coconut, and then the air was literally streaming with coconuts flying down upon the Japs. In twenty tree tops, jumping and shrilly screaming monkeys were mimicking his action.

A heavy nut smashed into the officer's face and dropped him in his tracks. Then soldiers were scurrying for cover. The Americans looked down upon the jungle caterpillar with the drivers knocked cold at their controls.

Patrick uttered "Wow!" and no monkey ever dropped down a tree trunk faster. He jumped from fifteen feet down upon the grenade caterpillar, and yanking pins out, put a barrage of grenades into the surrounding trees. He thought it was Petrie beside him. But then he saw a long, hairy arm brush past his face, and a second later there was an explosion in the trees. A wild, chattering shriek rent his ear, and for a brief instant, he caught sight of a monkey's grinning face. Then the whole truck was covered with monkeys imitating him. Not so hot on the throw, but having a whale of a time, and driving the Japs nuts!

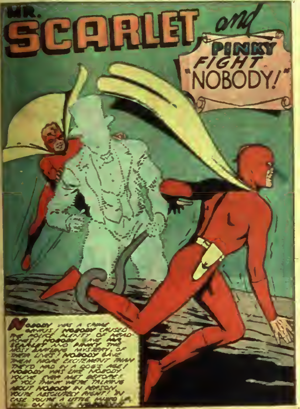
There were minutes of this wild hectic scene. Then just as the grenades gave out, Petrie was yelling to lay off. Shortly he marched a string of banged up Japs out of the trees. In the confusion, he had gotten behind them with an automatic rifle, and by the looks, he had most of them lined up.

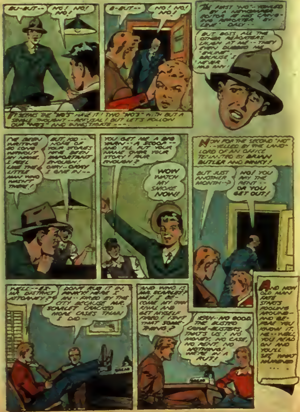
Patrick hollered at him and grinned, "Irish luck!"

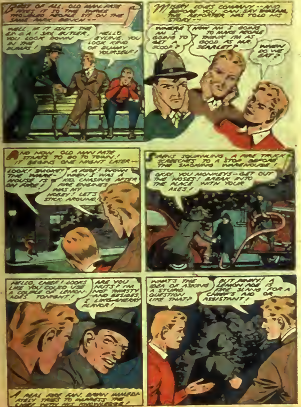
Petrie snorted, "You mean, monkey luck!"

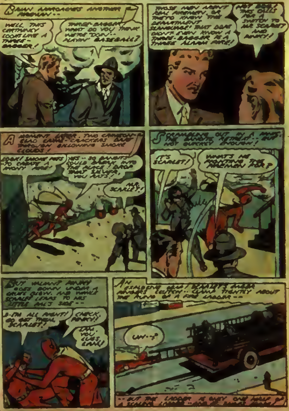
But Colonel Frawley didn't look upon the report as any joke. Word of it would drift through the Japanese lines, of course. It would set Jap soldiers to watching the tree tops with fear when they ought to be looking straight ahead. And something else. No Japanese officer would jest humorously any more about "making a monkey of an American."

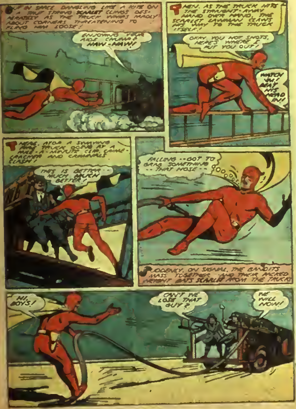
The End

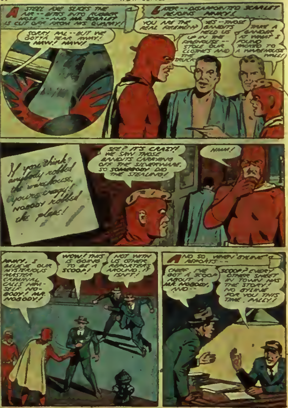

MR. SCARLET and
PINKY FIGHT "NOBODY!"
NOBODY WAS A CRIME GENIUS! NOBODY CAUSED THE POLICE PLENTY OF HEADACHES! NOBODY GAVE MR. SCARLET AND PINKY THE MOST BAFFLING MYSTERY OF THEIR LIVES! NOBODY GAVE THEM MORE EXCITEMENT THAN THEY'D HAD IN A DOG'S AGE! NOBODY WAS LIKE NOBODY YOU'VE EVER MET BEFORE! IF YOU THINK WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NOBODY IN PERSON YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! IN CASE YOU'RE A LITTLE MIXED UP, READ ON ABOUT [illegible]

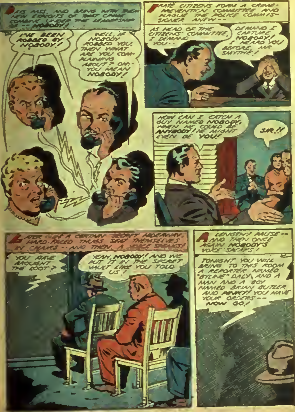

BU-BUT--
NO! NO! NO!
B-BUT--
NO! NO! NO!
THE FIRST "NO"—YOWLED BY A NEWSPAPER EDITOR AT HIS CRY-ING REPORTER "BY-LINE" DALY--
BUT BOSS, ALL THE OTHER REPORTERS LAUGH AT ME--THEY EVEN DUBBED ME "BYLINE" BECAUSE I NEVER HAD ANY!
IT SEEMS THE "NO'S" HAVE IT! TWO "NO'S" WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT--REFUSAL! BUT LET'S FOLLOW OUR "NO'S" AND INVESTIGATE---.
I'VE BEEN WRITING SO LONG WITHOUT MY NAME, I FEEL LIKE THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!
BUT, KID-- NONE OF YOUR STORIES HAVE BEEN IMPORTANT ENOUGH! OKAY--OKAY I GIVE IN--
YOU GET ME A BIG YARN--A SCOOP--AND I'LL PUT YOUR NAME OVER YOUR STORY! FAIR ENOUGH?
WOW WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!!
NOW FOR THE SECOND "NO"--YELLED BY THE LANDLORD OF AN OFFICE TENANTED BY BRIAN BUTLER AND BINKY!
BUT JUST ANOTHER MONTH--?
NO! YOU PAY THE RENT--OR YOU GET OUT!
WELL--EX-MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
DON'T RUB IT IN, BINKY! HERE I AM--FIRED BY THE CITY BECAUSE MR. SCARLET CRACKED MORE CASES THAN I DID--
AND WHO IS MR. SCARLET? ME! I BECOME MY OWN RIVAL AND GET MYSELF FIRED! ISN'T THAT SOMETHING?
YEAH--NO GOOD. THE BUSTED CRIME-BUSTERS, THAT'S US! NO MONEY, NO CASE, NO RENT, NO NOTHING! WE'RE IN A RUT!
AND NOW OLD MAN FATE STARTS FOOLING AROUND--AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, HE--WELL, YOU READ ON AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENED ...

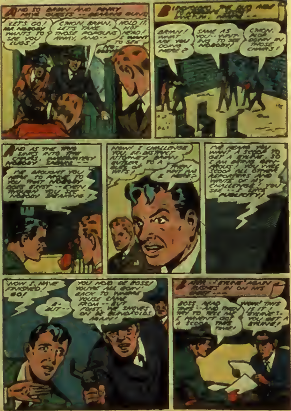

FIRST OF ALL, OLD MAN FATE FIXES IT SO THE THREE TROUBLED PEOPLE SIT ON THE SAME PARK BENCH--
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE D.A.! SAY, BUTLER, YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS!
HELLO BYLINE. YOU LOOK KIND OF GLUMMY YOURSELF!
MISERY LOVES COMPANY--AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY SHAZAM, THE REPORTER HAS TOLD HIS STORY--
WHERE AM I GOING TO GET A SCOOP?
HOW AM I GOING TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M AS GOOD AS MR. SCARLET?
WHEN DO WE EAT?
AND NOW OLD MAN FATE STARTS TO GO TO TOWN! IT BEGINS ONE NIGHT LATER--
LOOK! SMOKE! THE WAREHOUSE IS ON FIRE!
A FIRE! WOW! WHEN I WAS A KID, CHASING AFTER FIRE ENGINES WAS MY HOBBY! LET'S STICK AROUND!
SIRENS SCREAMING, A FIRE TRUCK SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE THE SMOKING WAREHOUSE!
OKAY YOU MONKEYS--GET OUT THE HOSES! BREAK INTO THE PLACE WITH YOUR AXES!
HELLO, CHIEF! LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE A COUPLE OF LEMON-ADES TONIGHT!
ARE YOU NUTS? I'M NOT THIRSTY--AND BESIDES, I LIKE CHERRY FLAVOR!
A REAL FIRE FAN, BRIAN IMMEDIATELY TRIES TO IMPRESS THE CHIEF WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ASKING A STUPID QUESTION LIKE THAT?
BUT PINKY! A LEMON ADE IS FIRE SLANG FOR A CHIEF'S AID OR ASSISTANT!

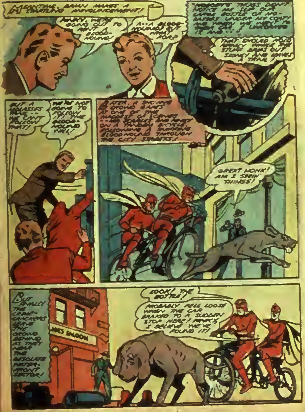

BRIAN APPROACHES ANOTHER FIREMAN--
WELL, THIS CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE A THREE-BAGGER!
THREE-BAGGER? WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE DOIN'--PLAYIN' BASEBALL?
THOSE MEN AREN'T REAL FIREMEN, OR THEY'D KNOW THE DEPARTMENT SLANGUAGE! THAT DOPE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW A THREE-BAGGER IS A THREE ALARM FIRE!
HOT DOG! THIS CALLS FOR A SWITCH TO MR. SCARLET AND PINKY!
A MOMENT LATER, TWO CRIMSON-CLAD CRIME-CRACKERS DART THROUGH BILLOWING SMOKE CLOUDS!
GOSH! SMOKE POTS TO CREATE A PHONY FIRE!
YES--SO BANDITS COULD BREAK INTO THE PLACE! DROP THAT SILVER, YOU RATS!
MR. SCARLET!
SCRAMBLING OUT BY A WAY, THE BANDITS RETREAT--BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH!
IT'S SCARLET!
WHAT'S HE FIGHTING THE FIREMEN FOR?
BUT VALIANT PINKY GOES DOWN UNDER A CRUEL BLOW, AND WHILE SCARLET LEAPS TO HIS LITTLE PAL'S SIDE--
I-I'M ALL RIGHT! GO GET THEM, SCARLET!
CHECK, PINKY!
AN EXPLOSIVE LEAP! SCARLET'S AGILE ARMS CLAMP TIGHTLY ABOUT THE RUNG OF A FIRE LADDER--
UH--?
--BUT THE LADDER IS ONLY ONE HALF OF A SCARLET COMBO--

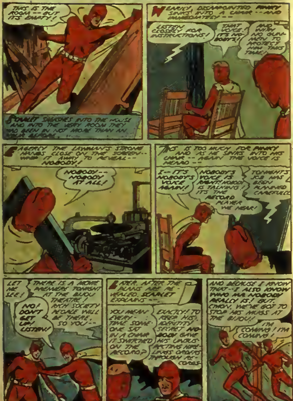

OUT IN SPACE DANGLING LIKE A KITE ON A TAUT STRING SCARLET CLINGS DESPERATELY AS THE TRUCK WHIPS MADLY ABOUT CORNERS THREATENING TO FLING HIM LOOSE!
ENJOYING YOUR RIDE CHUMP? HAW-HAW!
THEN, AS THE TRUCK HITS THE STRAIGHT-AWAY HAND OVER HAND, THE SCARLET LAWMAN CLAWS HIS WAY TO THE TRUCK ITSELF!
OKAY, YOU HOT SHOTS, HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOU OUT!
WATCH 'IM! BEAT HIS HEAD IN!
HERE, ATOP A SWAYING FIRE TRUCK GOING AT A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIP, GANG-CRASHER AND CANNOLES CLASH!
THIS IS BETTER -- MUCH MUCH BETTER!
FALLING -- GOT TO GRAB SOMETHING -- THAT HOSE --
SUDDENLY, ON SIGNAL, THE BANDITS MASS TOGETHER AND THEIR PACKED WEIGHT BATS SCARLET FROM THE TRUCK!
HI, BOYS!
CAN'T WE LOSE THAT GUY?
WE WILL NOW!

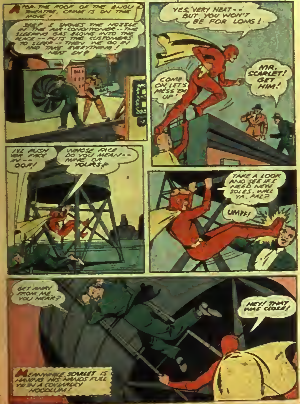

A STEEL AXE SLICES THE AIR -- BITES INTO RUBBER HOSE -- AND MR. SCARLET IS CUT OFF FROM HIS QUARRY!
SORRY, PAL -- BUT WE GOTTA TEAR AWAY! HAW! HAW!
LATER -- DISAPPOINTED SCARLET REJOINS PINKY!
YOU ARE THE REAL FIREMEN?
YES -- THOSE BANDITS HELD US UP IN THE FIREHOUSE -- STOLE OUR CLOTHES AND THE TRUCK!
TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT I FOUND TACKED TO A WAREHOUSE WALL!
If you think anybody robbed the warehouse, you're crazy! NOBODY robbed the place!
SEE? IT'S CRAZY! WE SAW THOSE BANDITS CARRYING OFF THE SILVERWARE. SO SOMEBODY DID THE STEALING!
HMM!
PINKY, I BELIEVE OUR MYSTERIOUS MASTER CRIMINAL CALLS HIMSELF NOBODY! MR. NOBODY!
WOW! THIS IS GOING TO BE A SCOOP!
NOT WITH US OTHER REPORTERS AROUND, IT ISN'T!
AND SO, WHEN "BYLINE" REPORTS --
CHIEF, I'VE GOT A SCOOP ABOUT A MR. NOBODY, AND --
SCOOP? EVERY OTHER SHEET IN TOWN HAS THE STORY! NO BYLINE FOR YOU THIS TIME, PALLY!

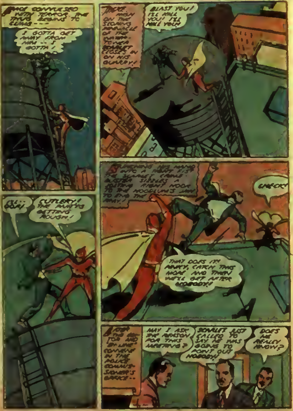

DAYS PASS, AND BRING WITH THEM NEW EXPLOITS OF THAT CRIME COMBINE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF -- NOBODY!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED BY NOBODY!
WELL, IF NOBODY ROBBED YOU, THEN WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? OH.- YOU MEAN NOBODY!
IRATE CITIZENS FORM A CRIME-PREVENTION COMMITTEE AND PLAGUE THE POLICE COMMISSIONER ANEW--
AS HEAD OF THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE, I DEMAND YOU--
DEMAND I CAPTURE NOBODY! I HEARD YOU BEFORE, MR SMYTHE!
HOW CAN I CATCH A GUY NAMED NOBODY, WHEN HE COULD BE ANYBODY! HE MIGHT EVEN BE YOU!
SIR!!
LATER, IN A CERTAIN SECRET HIDEAWAY, HARD-FACED THUGS SEAT THEMSELVES IN CHAIRS -- AND THEN, A VOICE SPEAKS!
YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE LOOT?
YEAH, NOBODY! AND WE PUT IT IN THE SECRET VAULT LIKE YOU TOLD US!
A LENGTHY PAUSE -- AND THEN ONCE AGAIN NOBODY'S VOICE SPEAKS!
TONIGHT YOU WILL BRING TO THIS ROOM A REPORTER NAMED "BYLINE" DALY, AND A MAN AND A BOY NAMED BRIAN BUTLER AND PINKY! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS -- NOW GO!

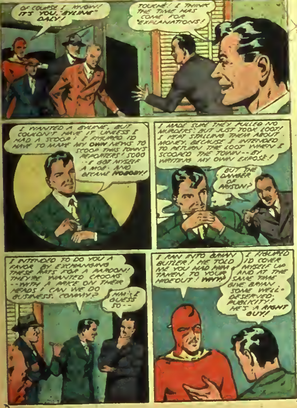

AND SO BRIAN AND ANNY HAVE GUESTS -- BEARING GUNS!
LET'S GO! MR. NOBODY WANTS TO SEE YOU LUGS!
C'MON, BRIAN, LET'S TAKE THOSE POPGUNS, ANNY, AND--
HOLD IT, HOT HEAD! I WANT TO SEE MR. NOBODY!
BLINDFOLDED, THE [illegible] NEW DESTINATION, HERE--
BRIAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SAME AS YOU-- WANTING TO SEE NOBODY!
C'MON. SIT DOWN IN THOSE CHAIRS!
AND AS THE TWO SINK INTO THE CHAIRS, IMMEDIATELY NOBODY SPEAKS --
I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO PROVE TO YOU THAT NOBODY DOES EXIST -- EVEN THOUGH YOU SEE NOBODY SPEAKING!
NOW! I CHALLENGE YOU EX-DISTRICT ATTORNEY BRIAN BUTLER TO A BATTLE OF WITS!
THEN WHY AM I HERE?
I'VE HEARD YOU WANT A SCOOP TO GET A RAISE. SO I AM GIVING YOU SCOOP! YOU WILL SCOOP ALL OTHER REPORTERS AND WRITE OF MY CHALLENGE! YOU SEE -- I LIKE PUBLICITY!
NOW I HAVE FINISHED! GO!
B-BUT--
YOU HOID DE BOSS! YOU'RE ALL GOIN' BACK TO WHERE YOUSE CAME FROM -- BUT FOIST, WE SHOVES ON DE BLINDFOLDS AGAIN!
AND -- 'STEVE' AGAIN RUSHES IN ON HIS BOSS ---
BOSS. READ THIS --AND THEN TRY TO TELL ME I HAVEN'T GOT A SCOOP THIS TIME!
WOW! THIS IS IT! 'STEVIE'? YOU GET A RAISE!

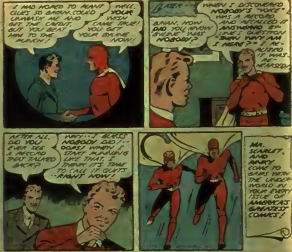

MEANTIME, BRIAN MAKES A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!
MARY, WE'RE GOING OUT TO RENT A BLOOD-HOUND!
A--A BLOODHOUND? BUT WHAT FOR?
NOBODY'S THUGS DIDN'T NOTICE ME SLIP ONE LARGE BOTTLE OF MOLASSES UNDER MY COAT! AND WHEN I GOT INTO THE CAR, I UNCORKED IT AND...
THAT DRIBBLED MOLASSES WHILE THE STUFF RUNS OUT SLOWLY AND LEAVES A TRAIL
BUT A MOLASSES TRAIL -- WE CAN'T FOLLOW THAT!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO FOLLOW IT! THE BLOOD-HOUND WILL!
LATER, A SHOWING CROWD GAPES AT ONE OF THE ODDEST OF SIGHTS -- MR. SCARLET AND PINKY ON A TANDEM BICYCLE, FOLLOWING A SNOOPING BLOODHOUND THROUGH THE CITY STREETS!
GREAT HONK! AM I SEEIN' THINGS!
BUT FINALLY THE CRIME-CRACKERS LEAVE THE CROWD BEHIND AS THEY NEAR THE DESOLATE WATER-FRONT SECTOR!
JAKE'S SALOON
LOOK! THE BOTTLE!
PROBABLY FELL LOOSE WHEN THE CAR BRAKED TO A SUDDEN STOP HERE! PINKY, I BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND IT!


THIS IS THE ROOM -- BUT IT'S EMPTY!
SCARLET SMASHES INTO THE HOUSE AND INTO THE VERY ROOM THEY HAD BEEN IN NOT MORE THAN AN HOUR BEFORE.
WEARILY, DISAPPOINTED PINKY SINKS INTO A CHAIR -- AND IMMEDIATELY --
LISTEN CLOSELY FOR INSTRUCTIONS!
THAT VOICE! IT'S NOBODY'S!
AND WITH NO LAW-MAN TO PROTECT HIM THIS TIME!
EAGERLY THE LAWMAN'S STRONG HANDS CLOSE ON THE SCREEN -- WHIP IT AWAY TO REVEAL -- NOBODY!
NOBODY -- NOBODY AT ALL!
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR PINKY AND AS HE SINKS INTO HIS CHAIR -- AGAIN THE VOICE IS HEARD --
I -- IT'S NOBODY'S VOICE AGAIN!
NOBODY'S VOICE IS RIGHT! NOBODY IS TALKING! IT'S THE RECORD PLAYER WE HEAR!
TONIGHT'S JOB HAS BEEN PLANNED CAREFULL
LET ME SEE!
THERE IS A MOVIE PREMIERE TONIGHT AT THE BIJOU THEATRE! RICH SOCIETY PEOPLE WILL BE THERE. SO YOU --
NO! DON'T GET UP! LISTEN!
LATER, AFTER THE PLANS ARE REVEALED, SCARLET EXPLAINS --
YOU MEAN EVERY-TIME SOME-ONE SAT IN A CHAIR IT SWITCHED ON THE RECORD?
EXACTLY! TO KEEP HIS IDENTITY SECRET NOBODY GAVE HIS UNSUSPECTING HIRELINGS ORDERS THROUGH RECORDS
AND BECAUSE I KNOW THAT -- I ALSO KNOW WHO MR. NOBODY REALLY IS! BUT, C'MON, WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIS MUSS AT THE BIJOU!
I'M COMING! I'M COMING!


ATOP THE ROOF OF THE BIJOU THEATRE, CRIME IS ON THE MOVE!
SEE? I SHOVES THE NOZZLE IN THE AIR-CONDITIONER -- THE SLEEPING GAS BLOWS INTO THE PLACE -- PUTS THE CUSTOMERS TO SLEEP -- THEN WE GO IN AND TAKE EVERYTHING! NEAT EH?
YES, VERY NEAT -- BUT YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG!
COME ON LETS MUSS 'IM UP!
MR. SCARLET! GET HIM!
I'LL PUSH YER FACE IN -- OOF!
WHOSE FACE DO YOU MEAN -- MINE OR YOURS?
TAKE A LOOK AND SEE IF I NEED NEW SOLES, WILL YA, PAL?
UMPF!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU HEAR?
HEY! THAT WAS CLOSE!
MEANWHILE SCARLET IS HAVING HIS HANDS FULL WITH A COWARDLY HOODLUM!


FACE CONVULSED WITH TERROR, THE THUG BEGINS TO CLIMB---
I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HIM... I GOTTA!
THERE, HIGH ON THE SLOPING MANHOLE OF THE WATER-TOWER SCARLET CLOSES IN ON HIS QUARRY!
BLAST YOU! I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!
OH... OOH!
CUTLERY! THE PARTY'S GETTING ROUGH!
CLENCHING HIS HAND INTO A MIGHTY FIST THE SCARLET CRUSADER SIZZLES A JOLTING RIGHT HOOK TO THE HOODLUM'S JAW TO END THE FRAY!
UNGH!
THAT DOES IT! MARTY, CATCH THIS NOW AND THEN WE'LL GET AFTER NOBODY!
AFTER, THE EDITOR AND "BY-LINE" CONVENE IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE..
MAY I ASK THE REASON FOR THIS MEETING?
SCARLET JUST CALLED TO SAY HE WAS GOING TO POINT OUT NOBODY!
DOES HE REALLY KNOW?


OF COURSE I KNOW! IT'S YOU, "BYLINE" DALY!
TOUCHÉ! I THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR "EXPLANATIONS!"
I WANTED A BYLINE, BUT COULDN'T HAVE IT UNLESS I HAD A SCOOP! I FIGURED I'D HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN NEWS TO SCOOP THIS TOWN'S REPORTERS! SOOO --I GOT MYSELF A MOB, AND BECAME NOBODY!
I MADE SURE THEY PULLED NO MURDERS, BUT JUST TOOK LOOT! I KEPT STALLING THEM ABOUT MONEY, BECAUSE I INTENDED TO RETURN THE LOOT WHEN I SCOOPED THE TOWN--BY WRITING MY OWN EXPOSE!
BUT THE DANGER OF ARSON?
I INTENDED TO DO YOU A FAVOR BY EXCHANGING THESE RATS FOR A PARDON! THEY'RE WANTED CROOKS --WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS! CAN WE DO BUSINESS, CONNY?
HM--I GUESS SO--
I RAN INTO BRIAN BUTLER! HE TOLD ME YOU HAD HIM TAKEN TO YOUR HIDEOUT! WHY?
I FIGURED I'D COVER MYSELF UP AND AT THE SAME TIME GIVE BRIAN SOME WELL-DESERVED PUBLICITY! HE'S A RIGHT GUY!


I HAD HOPED TO PLANT CLUES SO BRIAN COULD UNMASK ME AND GET THE CREDIT. BUT YOU BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH!
WELL, YOUR WISH CAME TRUE! YOU GET YOUR BYLINE NOW!
LATER--
BRIAN, HOW DID YOU KNOW BYLINE WAS NOBODY?
WHEN I DISCOVERED NOBODY'S "VOICE" WAS A RECORD, AND RECALLED IT ANSWERED BYLINE'S QUESTION "THEN WHY AM I HERE?" I REALIZED IT WAS REHEARSED!
AFTER ALL, DID YOU EVER SEE A RECORD THAT TALKED BACK?
WHY--I GUESS NOBODY DID!--OOPS! WHEN I START PUNNING LIKE THAT, I THINK IT'S TIME TO CALL IT QUITS--RIGHT NOW!
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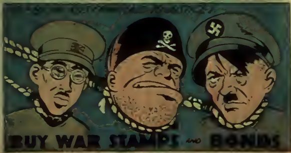
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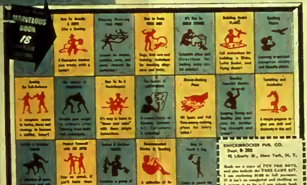

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